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MORROW & TWEED

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Designed
for the
Advance-
ment
of the
Young

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
'EDITOR

ATL
LAKE
ITY
UTAH

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"Good morning, Mrs. Shortamoun; and pray
What can I do for you, Madam, today?
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A loaf of bread, and half a pound of cheese.
I think that's all just now—and then some day
I'll call around again, and bring the pay,"
Said Mrs. Shortamoun, who runs a store account.

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PRESIDENT GEORGE Q. CANNON.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXV.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1900.

No. 2.

LIVES OF OUR LEADERS—THE APOSTLES.

GEORGE Q. CANNON.

THROUGH the merciful kindness of the Lord, people who dwell in this age of the world have the inestimable privilege of receiving instruction from the words and example of living Apostles, whose inspired testimony is added to that of Apostles of ancient times in forming a body of scripture to call our minds to the saving principles of the Gospel. It is therefore fitting to open this paper with a character sketch of President George Q. Cannon as he was seen by one who knew him first as an Apostle, in the discharge of the duties of that high calling, and who describes him then and since in that capacity. This pen picture was requested of Elder John Nicholson, who says:

My first meeting with George Q. Cannon was in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1862. On the invitation of several brethren of the local branch of the Church, I accompanied them in a friendly call upon him at the house at which he was stopping during a brief visit to the Scottish capital. He was at that time presiding over the European mission.

I was then a youth of twenty-two years, and afflicted with diffidence, amounting to embarrassment in the presence of strangers, and therefore on this occasion confined myself strictly to the exercise of observation, listening to the conversation and replying tersely to questions directed personally to myself.

I was at once struck with the strength of the personality of the distinguished visitor—a handsome,

vigorous man of thirty-five years. His figure of medium height, well rounded and erect; the shapely head crowned with a liberal growth of black hair; the cheeks and upper lip clean shaved; the chin adorned with a close hirsute growth. Up to that time his was one of the most striking faces I had seen; a forehead broad and high—the breadth being specially observable in the upper section; a somewhat large, aquiline nose, almost approaching the Israelitish in contour; a well-formed mouth, without rigidity and with an expression of amiability. The large, clear, grey eyes impressed me most. In the course of conversation, in which he took the lead, the characteristic mobility of his countenance was exhibited.

My acquaintance with the subject of this personal sketch covers the period from 1862 to the present. At times it has been close—notably while he was at the head of the *Deseret News* establishment and editor of that journal, commencing in November, 1867, and continuing for several years. Necessarily I had opportunities of becoming familiar with many of his traits. One of these was his regard for detail and appearances. While presiding in Europe he insisted that the clerks employed in the office at Liverpool should write with neatness and legibility. All those who worked under him in that capacity became excellent penmen.

The importance he attaches to appearances is not only apparent in his own unvarying personal neatness, but in his requiring, under proper circumstances, the same condition on the part of others. Hence in the missionary field in Europe

he directed that every Elder should be clad in a full suit of black, of clerical cut, and surmounted by a tall silk hat. Frequently when a group of missionaries arrived he would commission one of the office clerks to take the lot to a clothing establishment where they were thus equipped. Occasionally, but rarely, some of the boys from the far West objected. One of these is now a Bishop in Idaho. While the latter labored abroad he insisted on dispensing with the use of suspenders, in wearing a suit with some semblance of antiquity and not of the regulation cut or color, and a somewhat unsymmetrical article for head-gear. Brother Cannon sometimes good-humoredly referred to this unconventional but really estimable individual.

President Cannon is a gifted speaker. In his earlier experience he was much more deliberate in utterance than later in life. In this he showed his usual fidelity to detail. If he happened to make the slightest error in grammar he would there and then correct himself by repeating a sentence. This was noticeable in the first discourse I heard him deliver. It was on the subject of the necessity of continuous revelation, which he explained with striking clearness. For many years he has ranked among the foremost public speakers of the nation. Added to his wide range of information and deep and sometimes tremendous earnestness, he has been aided by a clear, resonant voice. When warmed to his theme he has on occasions reached the highest flights of oratory, thrilling and captivating his auditors by the forcefulness of his thought and the persuasiveness of his address.

There never was a man within the range of my acquaintance who could so readily as he adapt his speech to convey important thoughts to the minds of little children. This is one of the rarest of gifts. It is natural to him, and he developed it to a high degree of excellence by cultivation. Hence his speech has a wide applicability, ranging from the undeveloped children to the most cultivated audiences of mature people. His addresses have been far from being confined to the theological and moral subjects, but have embraced a wide variety of themes, including civil government and other matters associated with the general well-being of humanity.

He is an intense lover of little children, in whom he takes a deep interest. This trait has

always been manifested in his visits to families. He never fails to give a liberal share of attention to the little ones, with whom he pleasantly converses. In this capacity he has exhibited marked tenacity of memory by calling each child of a household by name after a lapse of two or three years between a former and a later visit.

His love for and interest in his own progeny are hardly exceeded. This patriarchal instinct prompts him to group the members of his family and their branches around himself, he being the center of the aggregation. The wisdom of this is apparent. It is the process of patriarchal populous expansion. Its perpetuation means an incalculably wonderful result. So long as the organization and solidification are preserved, the accretion must necessarily be ceaseless. This practical effect of his personality is but one of numerous evidences of the communal tendency of his thoughts and far-reaching character of his ideals.

It must not be supposed that Brother Cannon's interest in and affection for children are merely of a centralized character. On the contrary these sentiments are, with him, decidedly expansive. His work at the head and front of the Sunday School system, now so conspicuous a feature among the Latter-day Saints, places this beyond question. He took hold of this labor when the enterprise had scarce an existence as an organization. Now it extends to every settlement where the Saints are found, and has numbers of scattered branches in the nations abroad. I have no idea that this beneficent establishment has its equal in completeness and efficiency in the world. The spectacle presented by the Jubilee celebration held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Oct. 8th, 1899, was of such a character as to impress any intelligent beholder with this thought. Who can count the number of precious souls whose feet have been directed and maintained in the path of rectitude and salvation by the agency of this great institution? If the subject of this sketch had performed no other work in life than that which he has accomplished in connection with the Sunday School cause, it would entitle him to have his name handed down as a benefactor, to the latest generation. What he has produced under the blessing of God, through this agency, radiates beyond the limits of time and stretches

into eternity, where the multiplication of its effects will parallel duration.

The man about whom I write has been conspicuous for the strength of his personal magnetism. As a rule he captivates those who come in contact with him. The influence of his personal atmosphere has not only been felt among his co-religionists but has extended to all classes of men whom he has met in the world. I should say that he is a natural statesman. This has been virtually admitted by national characters of this Republic, while he occupied the position of Delegate to the Congress of the United States from the Territory of Utah, and since. While acting in that capacity he showed his usual appreciation of the necessity for familiarity with details. Not only did he acquaint himself with the functions of government and the features indicating the limitation lines between its different departments, but likewise with the names, constituencies, and some personal particulars regarding every member of each branch of the national legislature. He was therefore regarded by his contemporaries in that body as a kind of individual intelligence bureau. When any one member made inquiry of another about some particular Senator or member of Congress, it was by no means unusual for the gentleman interrogated to say, "I don't know. Inquire of Mr. Cannon from Utah. He seems to know everybody." This species of information was doubtless useful to the gentleman who possessed it. As a rule, men are pleased when they observe evidences of being remembered.

Running through the career of this striking character are strong evidences of his adherence to duty as he has understood it. This ideal has been sustained under circumstances that have demanded, at the time, much personal sacrifice. His responses to calls made upon him by his superiors in office in the Church of Christ have been prompt and unhesitating. I have found in my observation of men this statement of Carlyle to be unqualifiedly correct: "Great minds are respectfully obedient to all that is over them. Only small souls are otherwise."

The standard of the subject of this sketch in relation to charity has always been of the highest order. His exalted ideal in this respect has not only been exhibited in his public and private teachings but, without doubt, is personally exem-

plified in his entire mortal career to the present. This eminent position regarding the most important subject that occupy human contemplation has undergone in him but a single change—a modification in his views in relation to those who have not practically occupied the same elevated moral position as himself.

Has Brother Cannon exhibited faults? Ask me if he is human. Imperfections are the lot of humanity. Where there is light there is shadow—the more brilliant the light the deeper the shadow appears by contrast. The failings of mere men of the world pass without notice, while the defects of individuals conspicuous for great qualities appear abnormally large by immediate contrast with their opposite. In this case I speak not of imperfections. They should be buried in oblivion by the overwhelming weight of his virtues.

In the previous issue of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* was a life-sketch of an Apostle whose term of service in that eminent position is longer than that of any other man now among us—President Lorenzo Snow, who became a member of the Twelve more than fifty years ago. President George Q. Cannon, first counselor to President Snow in the First Presidency of the Church, is the second, of those now living, in point of years' service since entering the council of the Apostles. This is his fortieth year since being called to meet the responsibilities of the Apostleship, and he is the twenty-fifth person selected to occupy a position among the Twelve. He was a young man when the summons came, and, while he has reaped the benefits of experience and ever-increasing knowledge, he has not become aged in the common application of the term as it relates to the intellectual vigor, the devotion, the inspirational power—in brief, the intelligence conferred by the Almighty to meet the exalted requirements made of His servants.

George Quayle Cannon was born in the humbler ranks of life; not among the lower classes, for his parents had a wealth of uprightness, honesty, integrity, probity, and Christian devotion which made them respected

and esteemed in the community where they dwelt; they were honored for their worth by the people good and true with whom they associated. The date of birth was Thursday, January 11, 1827; the place, Liverpool, England; and his parents, George and Ann Quayle Cannon, were natives of Peel, Isle of Man, the family line being traceable on the island for centuries back.

In early life George Q. was a careful reader of the Bible. By the knowledge thus acquired of the dealings of God with His children, there was laid the foundation for a deep and abiding faith in the Ruler of the universe. As a youth he had wept for the privilege of witnessing the mighty works of the Savior and His Apostles; and he noted that the gifts and blessings enjoyed anciently were not manifested among the various denominations of Christendom. This faculty of thoughtful discrimination between teachings and practices was of inestimable value to him in after life; it is one too often neglected in cultivation by young people, whose failure in this regard limits their powers of discernment. Its use enabled George Q. to recognize more readily than would have been possible otherwise a system of religion that conformed in practice to the Bible plan.

His aunt, Leonora Cannon, had moved to Canada, and there became the wife of John Taylor, then a Methodist local preacher. When the Gospel was carried to Canada, John Taylor and his wife received it, and the former ultimately became President of the Church. In 1840, Elder Taylor was one of the Latter-day Saint missionaries sent to England, and during his preaching there the Cannon family were among those who investigated and accepted the divine message, realizing that it was the plan of salvation taught by the Savior. The family started for Nauvoo in 1842, and Sister Cannon died on the way, being buried at sea. Two years later her husband passed from this life, and the children were left without mother or father.

When the family reached Nauvoo, in 1842,

the Prophet Joseph Smith was among those who came to the landing to meet the immigrants. George Q. recognized him at once, as readily as though he always had been acquainted with him, though he had never seen even his portrait. In Nauvoo, George Q. became a member of his uncle's family, and as Elder Taylor was publishing a paper, the young man learned the printing business in his office. When the Latter-day Saints were compelled to leave Nauvoo, in 1846, Elder Cannon traveled with the main body to Winter Quarters, and the succeeding year crossed the plains, arriving in the Great Salt Lake valley October 3, 1847; thus being one of Utah's pioneers, whose arduous labors he shared cheerfully. Two years later he was called to go to California, and while there, in 1850, he was selected with others for a mission to the Sandwich Islands, where he landed on December 12, 1850.

The Hawaiian Islands mission emphasizes a prominent trait in Elder Cannon's character. The missionaries had expected to preach to the white population, but the opportunity to do so was very limited, and most of the Elders were in favor of returning home. Elder Cannon was impressed by a sense of his duty to preach the Gospel; he could not feel that he had performed his part by stopping at the very threshold of his work; he had put his hand to the plough and was not ready to turn back without making the furrow. The white people would not listen, but the native population was in need of Gospel teaching, and Elder Cannon determined to do his part in supplying that need. He informed his companions of his purpose, if he had to remain alone, and though he might not baptize one soul. His unflinching devotion to duty and unwavering faith that the Lord would bless his labors were the means of a great triumph in disseminating the Gospel message among the Hawaiian people. Four Elders remained with Brother Cannon, and in three and a half years there were over four thousand members of the Church on the islands. The

Elders had to learn the language—an accomplishment that came with remarkable ease to Elder Cannon, who also translated the Book of Mormon into the Hawaiian tongue.

Returning from the Sandwich Islands in the summer of 1854, Elder Cannon assisted the late Apostle Parley P. Pratt for several weeks, with the latter's autobiography, then came on to Salt Lake City, where he was made one of the presidents of the Thirtieth quorum of Seventy, and shortly afterwards was notified to prepare for a second mission to the islands.

Before the time came for starting in response to this appointment, Elder Cannon was called on a mission to California, to assist Elder P. P. Pratt in the publication of a paper. He left Salt Lake City on May 10th, 1855, and on reaching California was set apart to preside over the missionary work in that State and in Oregon, while Elder Pratt came to Utah. The publication of a paper, the *Western Standard*, and the fulfillment of duties involved in the mission, were a task which called for all of Elder Cannon's mental and physical energies, and these were willingly devoted thereto. Besides the labors connected with the *Western Standard* and the responsibilities of the mission, which had to contend in that day with severely adverse circumstances, Elder Cannon published the Book of Mormon in the Hawaiian language, the work being attended with great difficulties. When it was done, the news of the approach toward Utah of the Buchanan, or Johnston's, army was received, and in obedience to counsel Elder Cannon closed up the mission affairs and returned home, reaching Salt Lake City on January 19, 1858.

On his arrival here Elder Cannon was appointed adjutant general in the army being organized for defense against invasion, and engaged in that service. Soon afterward he was directed by President Young to take a printing press and material to Fillmore, and there issue the *Deseret News*, which he did from April to September, 1858. Then he was sent on a mission to the Eastern States. The

call for this reached him at Payson, as he was returning from Fillmore to Salt Lake City, and in three-quarters of an hour he was ready to start. The speedy preparation was remarkable, but his promptness was not a surprise. It was a rule of his life to be on hand at the call of duty, and to lose no time in unnecessary delay. Time with him was too precious to waste.

The eastern mission was of a delicate nature; so much prejudice against and misinformation concerning the Mormons prevailed, that the task of helping to correct the false impressions existing had to be performed judiciously to be effective. Elder Cannon engaged in the work with characteristic zeal and energy, and, by means of letters of introduction from the late Gen. Thomas L. Kane and others, was able to meet many leading editors, members of Congress, and other public men, and to present to them the true state of affairs in Utah. Besides doing this, he had charge of the branches of the Church in the east, and in 1859 and 1860 acted as Church emigration agent, in which position his careful attention to detail made his services highly valuable and satisfactory.

While on this mission Elder Cannon was selected, October 23, 1859, to fill the vacancy in the council of Apostles occasioned by the death of Elder Parley P. Pratt; and on his return home ten months later, August, 26, 1860 he was ordained an Apostle and became one of the Twelve. He was then thirty-three years of age. Soon after his ordination he was called on a mission to Great Britain, and on December 21, 1860, reached Liverpool. A short time subsequently he established the Church printing office in that city.

Returning to America, in May, 1862, Elder Cannon went to Washington, he and Hon. Wm. H. Hooper having been elected Senators from Utah, in an endeavor to have the Territory admitted into the Union as a State. In July, 1862, Congress having adjourned, Elder Cannon again went to Europe, and presided over the mission there till 1864. In the autumn

of that year there was an Indian war in the United States, and the journey over the plains to Utah was attended with many perils, but was made in safety. For the fifteen years preceding the date of his arrival, more than fourteen years of Elder Cannon's time had been spent in missionary labors away from his home.

To return to his own residence from the mission field was not with him to lay aside the harness he had worn in teaching the Gospel. His fixed purpose was to be ever onward in the path of progress. There was ample opportunity to instruct and encourage the Saints at home; there were thousands of the youth who needed to receive the same testimony their parents had obtained of the divinity of the Gospel restored to earth, that they might in turn be valiant in its behalf and enjoy its blessings. In the winter of 1864-5 Elder Cannon organized a Sunday School in the Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, and by the first of the year 1866 he was ready to enter the larger field of educating the youth through his experience and ability as a writer, as well as by his voice and immediate example. In January, 1866, he began the publication of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

This magazine is now in its thirty-fifth year, and it is not boasting to say that it has been a great power for good among the young people. Notwithstanding the many and onerous duties that have fallen to the lot of President Cannon since 1866, some of which have required his absence from Utah, the periods when he has not given the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR his personal attention have been few and brief indeed. In connection with the work of the Sunday Schools, which this magazine espoused from the first, Elder Cannon was made general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union in 1867, and has acted in that position up to the present. Not long since he stated in public that he knew of no work in life that had given him greater satisfaction than his association with the cause of training the young people in the

paths of righteousness and true knowledge. In educational matters he was connected not only with the Sunday Schools, but with the public school system, being at one time chancellor of the University of Deseret; he is also actively engaged with the Church schools.

In referring briefly to what Elder Cannon has done as editor, author and publisher, it may be mentioned that in 1867 he received another appointment from President Young to take charge of the *Deseret News*, then issued weekly and semi-weekly, and while in the capacity of editor he instituted the publication of the *Deseret Evening News*. Again, in 1877, in company with Elder Brigham Young, Jr., he was in charge of the *Deseret News* for a time. He is also author of a standard history of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and of several smaller works, one of them being My First Mission, the initial volume of the Faith Promoting Series. The publishing house of which he is the head has issued a vast number of publications of the better class.

In the way of business enterprises, Elder Cannon has taken a very active part. He was associated with the founding of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, and is now the only surviving member of the original board of directors of that great organization, in which he is still an officer. He has also been connected with railways, banks, and other financial and industrial enterprises to promote the business welfare and development of the inter-mountain region.

In 1871 he was sent east on another mission to aid in correcting false impressions that were being created against the Latter-day Saints.

In August, 1872, he was elected Delegate to Congress from Utah Territory—a position to which he was chosen five consecutive terms. He had had experience as a legislator in Utah; and in Congress, though he had no voice or vote on general legislation, his judgment and advice were sought after and valued by numbers of his associates in the national legislature.

Owing to strong prejudice against the Latter-day Saints, he had numerous trying and even exciting experiences in Congress; but he made many warm friends in the national capital, and accomplished much for the people of Utah. Finally, in March, 1882, the outcry against the Latter-day Saints culminated in the passage of a law which rendered him ineligible to the office of Delegate. This was the Edmunds act disfranchising those who practiced polygamy as a religious rite. Before retiring from Congress, however, he had the opportunity of speaking in vindication of the people of Utah, and under the trying circumstances discharged his duty with boldness and emphasis, yet with diplomatic delicacy.

By the will of President Brigham Young, who died in 1877, George Q. Cannon, Brigham Young, Jr., and Albert Carrington were named as executors. The settlement of the estate required much attention, and was a source of considerable worry. In 1879 suit was begun by a few dissatisfied heirs, and Judge J. S. Boreman made an order increasing the bond of the administrators. As this rule by the court was a travesty on justice, the executors refused to obey it. They preferred the prospect of an indefinite term of imprisonment to submitting to the imposition required of them, and were committed to the penitentiary. After three weeks' imprisonment, Chief Justice Hunter, who had newly assumed the duties of office, set aside the unjust requirement and restored them to liberty. Soon after this, the intricacies and difficulties of settling the estate were proceeded with till the administration of its affairs was closed.

The presidency of the Church was exercised by the council of Apostles from August, 1877, till October, 1880, when the First Presidency was reorganized. Apostle John Taylor was elected President of the Church, his counselors being Apostles George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. Twice since then, in 1890 and in 1898, the First Presidency has been reorganized, the changes being rendered necessary by the death of President John Taylor and

President Wilford Woodruff, respectively. In each organization the choice has fallen without hesitancy upon Elders Cannon and Smith for counselors. The selection in the First Presidency gave President Cannon still further opportunity for the exercise of his notable faculty of counseling and of meeting the spiritual duties to which he had advanced by a life's service. Nowhere has his influence been so potent for good or so far-reaching among the people as in association with his brethren in this capacity. His career in this respect is a powerful example to the youth of the inestimable value of a steady, conservative, vigorous and strict adherence to duty, whether in the humbler or higher ranks of society, in achieving success in life.

In the year 1884 there began a specially persecutive assault on the Latter-day Saints, particularly aimed at the plural marriage feature of their religion. Owing to the intense bitterness of some who were engaged in this raid, it was felt, from the promptings of experience, to be advisable for the leading brethren of the Church to avoid coming directly within the power of the persecutors. There was not likely to be toward men less prominent the violence that characterized the days of Carthage jail; but to the leaders the severer result was almost certain unless something was done to avert it as far as possible. The desirable end was attained, though President Taylor died in exile. President Cannon was specially harassed, and passed through many close places, but finally the fury of the persecutive storm began to spend itself; the spirit of the law, itself severe in these cases, became predominant, and President Cannon and other leaders met the issue as early as it was reasonably safe for those in their position to do so, and were subjected to fine and imprisonment. President Cannon served a four months' term in the Utah penitentiary. The prison life of those who were thus incarcerated was no stain upon their character—it became a credit mark of their fidelity to their convictions of right.

The experiences of President Cannon, as may be seen readily from a brief review thereof, have included so many hardships that wear on the physical being, and so much that draw on the intellectual faculties, as to impress an observer with the fact that it must have been a remarkably powerful physical and mental organization to bear up successfully under the pressure. In Brother Cannon's case, as in that of other notables among the leading men of the Church, a potent factor that has contributed to this success should be noted by the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. It is that the subject of this sketch recognized his mortal tabernacle as given him of God for a holy purpose, and that his duty was to take the best care he could of it under the circumstances he was placed in. This he sought to do; and notably in connection with the Word of Wisdom he has contributed years to his life by observing the counsel of God given by revelation to the Saints. President Cannon has had severe attacks of illness, and there is not a doubt that his career on earth would have been closed long since if he had been less mindful of the rules of health. All men cannot reach old age through the best care they can give themselves; but the readers of this magazine can learn from President Cannon's example how not to shorten their lives, but to prolong them to the fullest extent for good and joy to themselves and associates.

Even with the necessary brevity of a magazine article, this paper would be incomplete without making reference to an element that has entered largely into President Cannon's success as a writer and speaker, in public and in private. He has sought carefully for that polish, grace and understanding of words that enable him to express his thoughts forcibly, clearly, and in plain language that the people generally comprehend; he exhibits a careful avoidance of mystifying phrases and unwieldy words. His aim is to use language as it should be used—to convey lessons of truth and beauty. But this manipulation is to an extent mechanical—intelligently so, as the act of a skilled workman in securing and handling the best tools for his purpose. Back of it all is the pure and deep earnestness of a sincere soul which devotes the full energies of its intelligence to the task at hand. When he converses, or writes, or preaches, there is in President Cannon's every word and sentence the living fire of an intense earnestness, always in full measure for the occasion, always wrought up to that point which yearns for greater strength from divine inspiration, and does not yearn in vain.

The limit of space for this imperfect sketch is reached; may the interest in its lessons be but thoroughly awakened, and it will have served its purpose.

Jas. H. Anderson.



DOLLY'S LESSON.

“Dolly,” said Mrs. Doon one day,
“Tomorrow I must go away.
Your grandma writes, requesting me
To stay with her till half-past-three.
And, Dolly, I must leave you here
To take care of the house, my dear.
I hope you'll keep things neat and clean.
Remember you are now sixteen.”

Miss Dolly's eyes shone with delight;
And, ere she went to sleep that night,
So many pretty plans she had
For making Mama's heart feel glad.

Next morn with spirits light and gay,
She saw her mother go away.
“Oho!” she said, “twill just be fun:

The kitchen work I'll soon have done!
 I'll sweep the floors, the beds I'll make,
 And then I'll bake a lovely cake.
 Then all the rest of this long day,
 I'll spend in reading or in play.
 Ah, now I know just what I'll do:
 I'll read that lovely novel through;
 The one I started weeks ago
 Of *Daring Dick and Pretty Joe*.
 I wonder if he saved her life,
 And afterward made her his wife.
 I'd like to take one little look,
 It's really such a splendid book.
 I guess I might as well as not,
 This dish-water is not quite hot."

The clock ticked on; 'twas long past noon,
 And where was pretty Dolly Doon?
 In kitchen dress, with uncombed hair,
 She lolled in Mama's great arm-chair,
 Quite buried in the thrilling story
 Of *Daring Dick's* wild deeds of glory.

She scarcely heard the faint foot-fall,
 Of someone coming through the hall,
 Until she met her mother's eyes.
 Full of regret and sad surprise
 She dropped her book, sprang from the chair,
 And looked about her in despair.

"Oh, Mama, I'm so sorry! How—"
 "Hush?" Mama said, "there's no time now
 To say a word; for young Squire Haight
 I see, just coming through the gate."

"Oh, dear!" said Doll, "where can I hide?"
 The big front door stood open wide,
 So through the hall she dared not go,
 And what to do she did not know.
 So said, "I'll step behind the door,
 And stay until his visit's o'er."

As Mama turned her hat to doff,
 She thought "Miss Doll must be paid off.
 She certainly a lesson needs;
 A lesson not of *words* but *deeds*."
 Then dropping quick into a chair,
 She seized some sewing lying there.

The Squire knocked. Mama said "Come!"
 He entered. How Doll's heart did drum!
 He said, "Good day, dear Mrs. Doon;

I just stepped in this afternoon
 To bring the book you kindly lent."
 Mama sat o'er her sewing bent.

"Oh yes," she said, "Please be so kind—
 Excuse me—if you do not mind—
 Behind the door there is a shelf.
 Place the book there; then help yourself
 To yonder chair, lay by your hat,
 And we will have a pleasant chat."

"I fear," he said, "I should not stay,"
 Then turned to put the book away.

There Dolly stood with eyes cast down,
 And on her brow a dreadful frown.
 Mama sewed on with calmest air—
 He thought she knew not Doll was there,
 So unconcerned she chirped away—
 "How is your Ma? Sit down I pray."

"I—think—" he said, "I'd better go.
 I—have some work to do, you know."

"Oh," Mama said, "then can't you stay?
 But you will call another day?"

"Yes, yes," he said, with puzzled look,
 "I thank you kindly for the book;
 And now I must be off. Good day!"
 But at the door he turned to say,
 With merry eyes and tone so jolly,
 "Give my respects, Ma'am, to Miss Dolly."

With face reflecting many a mood,
 Quite still for some time Dolly stood.
 Then crossed the room to Mama's chair,
 Kissed her, and said, "I guess we're square.
 So now to prove I'm not a shirk,
 I think I'd better go to work.
 And as he served me such a trick,
 I'll light the fire with *Daring Dick*."

Since that day many years have flown,
 And Doll's now a woman grown.
 She bids you, girls, this lesson heed—
 Light, foolish novels never read.
 They'll cause you to neglect your work;
 They'll spoil your plans; make you a shirk.
 She gives one rule to guide your life,
 Sure that 'twill help both maid and wife,
 As it has helped her in the past:
 'Tis "duty first and pleasure last." S.

HISTORY OF THE NATIONS.

ICELAND. (Concluded.)

IREVIOUS to the year 1000 A. D. King Olav Triggyvason sent to Iceland preachers of the Christian faith. They endeavored to force the Icelanders to accept their doctrine by destroying temples and murdering innocent men. On coming back to Norway they spoke in very severe terms about the people of Iceland, saying they were strongly opposed to the tenets of the Christian faith, and obstinate in their adherence to heathendom. This made King Olav so angry that he was about to cause all the Icelanders then in Norway who had not embraced Christianity to be killed; but upon the suggestion that such an act would only increase the hatred of the Icelanders towards Christianity, he sanctioned the going of two more missionaries who offered themselves as volunteers. These came to Iceland at a time when the Althing was in session, and they preached the tenets of the Christian faith to the whole assembly, advising the people to renounce their old and time-honored Odinism, adopt Christianity, and repent and be baptized.

The result was that Christianity was adopted as the national faith without serious opposition, and then and there all present were baptized by immersion, which at that time was the only legal form of baptism among the Scandinavians.

The next trouble arose between the laity and the clergy, the latter courting the favor of the Pope and other potentates in their behalf, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the republic in the year 1262, when Iceland became subject to Norway. The poet and historian, Snorri Sturbeson, was the statesman and patriot of Iceland, and consequently the most powerful opponent of the king of Norway. At the latter's instigation he was assassinated when sixty-three years of age by his son-in-law, which deed

the king rewarded by making him earl of Iceland a few years later.

When Iceland had lost its independence its people had to suffer from all sorts of oppression, which brought both mental and physical stupor. All the intellectual force in the people became dormant. Priestcraft became the prominent feature of the country. The introduction of the Reformation made matters still worse, as the emissaries of the king of Denmark, who came to introduce the new faith, acted more like freebooters than anything else, robbing and pilfering wherever they went, in addition to which they committed several murders. They confiscated to their own use in the name of the king of Denmark, not only the properties of the church and clergy, but of private citizens also. Cloisters were taken by force of arms, the inmates being driven out half naked, and some of them killed.

In the spring of 1541, Christian III sent two battle-ships to assist the bloodthirsty local tyrant in carrying out the king's order. At that time there were two Catholic bishops in Iceland, John Arason and Ogmund Paulson. The latter, who had presided over the southern diocese, was blind and over eighty years of age. He was on a visit to his sister when he was taken prisoner, torn by force out of his weeping sister's arms, and brought on board one of the men-of-war. A man whom the aged bishop had reared and educated had acted as a spy for the Danish commander. By false promises the old bishop was persuaded to deliver over all his property on the promise of freedom; but instead he was brought a prisoner to Denmark, where he died in a dungeon shortly afterwards. Bishop John Arason, who presided over the northern diocese was, with his two sons, foully assassinated on the 7th of Nov., 1550, by king Christian's emissaries, for no other reason

than that they would not renounce their religious faith. .

The result of this crusade was that a greater part of the farms or real estate in the country came into possession of the king of Denmark, his agents laying hold on and confiscating people's property at pleasure. Justice was unknown, and it was an absolute impossibility for an Icelander either to maintain or regain his rights. To sustain their evil actions they made excuses by defaming the Icelanders at the king's court as much as possible, and by doing so established a direful prejudice which has not as yet been fully rooted out. There are even at this day papers published in Denmark whose sole aim is to foster prejudice towards Iceland.

During that time every vestige of free trade was abolished and a complete monopoly established. No one with the exception of the king's own appointed officers was allowed to trade there. In the year 1602, Christian IV leased to the merchants of Denmark the commercial business of Iceland, which brought on such hardship that during the next year fully 9000 people died from starvation. The period from 1600 to 1786 is termed, «the monopolistic period.»

In 1627 a visitation of sea-robbers from Algiers came upon poor Iceland. These were Mohammedans, cruel and prejudiced against Christians, and they robbed and plundered wherever they went, murdering also a vast number of people. On the east coast they took 110 prisoners with them. On the Westmann Islands they burned the church, took all the valuables they could lay their hands on, drove the people like a flock of sheep into the mercantile warehouses down by the harbor, and, selecting 240 captives, burned up the houses with all the rest of the people within. Of these 250 captives, thirty-seven were bought out nine years afterwards, but thirteen only ever returned to their native land.

In the year 1684, under the rule of King Christian V, the already crushing taxation

was considerably increased, and in addition the whole land was divided up into commercial districts, a merchant assigned to each one, and the inhabitants of the several districts commanded to do all their trading with this merchant. The punishment for violating this ordinance was the confiscation of all the violator's property, and life-long imprisonment.

In the year 1707, a small-pox epidemic made great ravages in Iceland, and over one third of the inhabitants died. The disease was brought from Denmark in the clothes of a man who had died in Copenhagen from that terrible malady.

The first step toward a betterment of social and commercial conditions was the appointment of Skuli Magnusson in 1749, as king's bailiff in Iceland, by Frederik V, who was the first royal friend Iceland ever had. As soon as Skuli had entered his office, he began to lay plans to weaken the commercial monopoly which for centuries had been sucking the life-blood out of the natives. He secured from the king nearly \$50,000 with which to start various industries so that the natives could manufacture the raw material which previously had been exchanged for ready-made articles at a tremendous loss. He caused a factory to be built in Reykjavik, where wool was manufactured into cloth, and where fishing-tackle and other kinds of rope were made, skins tanned, etc. He also bought two well equipped fishing vessels. Among other useful plans of king Frederik V to further the welfare of the people of Iceland was his causing some of them to study medicine and to practice it at a fixed yearly salary. He died in 1766.

The next king was Christian VII, and like his father, he had the welfare of Iceland dear at heart. He appointed a committee to consider what could be done for that country, and they recommended as much home industry as possible, the establishing of vegetable gardens, etc. So the king sent quantities of kale seed to the inhabitants,

together with instructions how to plant kale gardens, which did much good. He also sent some hand mills so that the people could grind their own grain, with the instructions that in the future they should make the mills themselves at home, which instructions were faithfully carried out. The home manufacture of salt was instituted and was a great saving, as much salt was needed to preserve their fish.

Little by little the death grip of the monopoly became relaxed and in 1786 all the subjects of the kingdom of Denmark were allowed freely to trade in Iceland; and finally in 1854 all nations were given such right, which made an unlimited free trade. From the time Bailiff Skuli established home industries, and down to the absolute free trade period, home manufacturing was steadily increasing, especially during the time the trade was limited to Danish subjects. But since then it appears to be steadily becoming less, due to the cheapness of many things now imported which aforetime were either not imported at all, or else much dearer. The decay of home manufacturing, and the increase of debts to the merchants seem at the present time to go hand in hand.

The year 1874 is a very important one in the history of Iceland. It was then one thousand years from its discovery by Ingolf Arnarson, and in commemoration the 2nd of August was made a national holiday, to celebrate which there came many great men from Norway, England, America, France and Denmark, among them the king of the last country. The chief festival was held at Thingvoll. Thither the king went, and with his own hand delivered in the presence of representatives from all parts of the country the constitution of Iceland into the hands of the governor of the island. This was the greatest boon the people had ever received; and then and there forgetting all the troubles and difficulties of the past, they rendered with willing heart and responsive minds their heartfelt gratitude, acknowledging the king

at the same time as the father of their freedom.

Among Icelanders of the eighteenth century who became prominent both at home and abroad for their intellectual ability and learning perhaps the foremost was Bishop John T. Vidalin (died 1720) who as a preacher and theologian—taking all circumstances into consideration—is second to but few of that time. His religious works now extant consist of three large volumes. One of his remarkable expressions is, «Wherever the faith of Elijah is, there the God of Elijah is, one and the same for ever and ever.» Remarkable men of the present century include philosophers and poets who can justly be classified with our Emerson, Longfellow, etc. Their poems, together with several well written novels, (an English translation of two of which has already appeared in print) have created a new literary thought and aspiration. The literary work of this century in Iceland includes the translation and publication of Milton's «Paradise Lost;» six of Shakespeare's plays, Homer's «Iliad» and «Odyssey,» etc., which goes to show that the Icelanders are not only great readers but seek after the very best.

The Gospel found its way to Iceland in the year 1851. It was brought there by two young natives who had been in Denmark learning a trade. Their names were Thorarinn Haflidason and Gudmund Gudmundson, the latter of whom lived for a long time in Lehi in this State, where he died. The former held the authority of a Priest and the latter was a Deacon at the time they came to Iceland. No sooner had two persons been baptized than both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities arose against them in full vigor, and prohibited them from preaching. Thorarinn was drowned the next winter, and Gudmund, being left alone, and without authority to baptize, could do nothing but instruct those who would listen to him in the principles of the truth. Two years later an Elder named Johan P. Lorensen was sent



AN ICELAND BRIDAL PARTY—THE ELDERLY MAN TO THE RIGHT OF THE BRIDEGROOM IS DR. THORSTEIN JOHNSON WHO HAS ALWAYS BEEN A FIRM FRIEND TO THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS AND ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION HAS DEFENDED THEIR RIGHTS.

from Denmark. He only stayed a short time, but he baptized several, and ordained three or four Elders. The first company of Saints started from Iceland on the 7th of June, 1857, and arrived in Salt Lake City, August 29th, 1859, with Captain James S. Brown.

The next step towards the promulgation of the Gospel in Iceland was when Elders Loftus Johnson and Magnus Bjarnason were sent there in 1873. They stayed about ten months and succeeded in baptizing seven persons, and doing much good besides. Since then eleven Elders have been sent thither, and all have done much good work. To begin with, there was a considerable opposition to the Elders, but they have also had several influential friends. When the Elders came in 1873, they were soon made objects of opposition, and were several times called to appear before the magistrate, whose name was Aagard, a Dane, and a just and sympathetic man.

But their main support was Dr. Thorstein Johnson, a man of great intelligence and influence, whose portrait accompanies this article. Elder Theodore Dedrikson wrote a book in the Icelandic tongue, wherein the principles of the Gospel are explained. It was published in Copenhagen, but appears not to have had sufficiently wide distribution.

The general characteristics of the people of Iceland are industry, thrift and economy. Everybody works, both young and old. During long winter evenings the time from sunset to nightfall, which is fully three hours, is enjoyed by the young in skating, wrestling, coasting, running races, etc., and when dark, they all go home, eat their supper and then go to do their evening work, the women spinning and knitting, the men weaving, combing wool or plaiting ropes, and the younger ones pulling wool. During the evenings, one

of the family is generally engaged in reading stories, history or scientific works, to which all listen attentively except when joining in a friendly discussion about the meaning of certain passages, or expressions which are somewhat difficult to understand. Everything that is read must be understood, and if the people in one house can not come to any clear and definite understanding about the meaning of a particular passage, information is sought elsewhere till it is

of subjects, and almost never disheartened. In manners they are affable and complaisant, especially towards strangers. Generosity is among them an innate virtue, consequently, like their ancestors, though fierce and vengeful towards those who treat them with indifference and contempt, on the first real intimation of repentance they are ready to forgive.

Inland the raising of live stock and the cultivation of vegetables are the principal industries, while fishing is the leading feature on the seacoast. During the winter season mostly all of the single men in the country come down to the fishing stations, where they stay till the spring, and then go back to their respective homes where during the summer they are employed in haying and taking care of live stock.

There are in Iceland one hundred and twelve firths or bays, over three hundred lakes, twenty-eight glaciers and seventeen lava fields. From its earliest discovery it has by the poets been regarded as «the battlefield of frost and fire,» and that this is no misnomer will be seen from the statement that fully two thousand two hundred farmsteads have been destroyed by volcanic sands and lava. There are on the island about twenty volcanoes or craters, Mounts Hekla and Krable being the most famous, the former having gushed twenty-three times, and the latter fifteen times. In the year 1784 alone there perished from cold and hunger nine thousand two hundred and ninety persons, twenty-eight thousand horses, eleven thousand four hundred and sixty head of cattle, and one hundred and ninety thousand four hundred and ninety head of sheep, which disaster was the consequence of volcanic eruptions in or about Kapla. The population of Iceland at present is somewhat over seventy thousand, and during the last thirty years not far from twenty thousand have emigrated to America, most of whom have settled in Canada and North Dakota.

John Thorgeirson.



AN ICELAND GIRL IN EVERY DAY DRESS.

obtained. Thus there exists in every house a private school, equally for the old as the young.

Physically the phlegmatic and sanguine temperaments predominate, hence in their mental peculiarities the people are generally reserved, deliberate, conservative, vigorous reasoners, slow to form an opinion, and equally firm in their convictions, yet they are of happy disposition, hopeful, seldom discouraged, inclined to see the bright side

STORIETTES.

From the Classes in English, Brigham Young Academy, Provo.

WHEN SUE'S SHIP COMES IN.

H, dear me! My feet smart so badly, Susy, let's rest," said poor little Johnny. He sat down upon a large rock in the shade of a cliff which had been made by a dugway.

"Well, but I am afraid Auntie will be waiting." Setting down her bucket of green peas, she seats herself upon the grass and takes her little brother's feet in her lap and rubs them with her chafed hands. Then, as was her custom, she began building "air-castles."

"Never mind, Johnny, when my ship comes in, I'll get you shoes and stockings, and then the nettles can't sting your bare feet or the thorns scratch them like this," as she wiped the blood from a wound on his ankle with her tattered apron.

"And will you get me a little pony, too, like Ronald's? Then we can both ride him to the field when Auntie sends us there. And Sue, you'll get us lots of gum and candy; I'll hire some boy to pull all the weeds and pick the berries and we'll just play, and play, and play," said Johnny with childish enthusiasm.

"Yes'ir, and get Auntie anything she wants, and may be we can find some one to comb our hair and keep us clean as Mama used to do."

"An' may be Auntie will let us go to see Mama sometimes. Say, Sue, what makes your ship so long in coming?" asked Johnny who was beginning to doubt, though he enjoyed these talks as well as his sister.

"Oh, it'll come sometime—you know how long Dick Whittington's was in coming," replied Sue reassuringly.

"Yes, but you didn't send off any cat did you?"

"No, but it'll come in sometime, just as they do in the fairy stories. I'll have a big doll with long hair,—one that can cry and open and shut its eyes," says Sue smiling.

"Will it laugh and talk, too?" asked John. "No, of course not! you little goose! Dolls never do that. And I'll have a bicycle and I'll go riding with you. We'll always be clean and pretty. May be Mama will get well when we have everything so nice and we'll get her a big house in the city."

"And we'll get her a new hat, too," suggested Johnny, glancing at the remains of an old one which had been their dear mother's and which Sue was now wearing.

"Yes, and a piano, too! Oh, yes! and we'll get her a——ugh! what's that!" she screamed, as a large fish dropped just in front of them.

"A trout! a trout!" cried Johnny: "it came from the sky. The dear Lord sent it to us; won't Auntie be glad! We'll have it for dinner," picking it up with both hands.

"Oh, Johnny, put it down, it belongs to that man," bashfully indicating with a nod a gentleman with fishing pole in hand, standing on the bushy bank of the stream just below them.

He came upon the dugway and by his winning ways drew the bashful children into conversation and found from their vague narrations that they had lived out here in the country with this aunt ever since their "Mama had taken sick," as they said. He could not understand whether the mother was ill in a hospital or mad in the Asylum, but he concluded that the latter case was correct.

* * * * *

"Say, Jennie, have I ever told you about my brother who died out here somewhere, leaving a wife and two children?" said Mr. Raymond to his wife one evening after his return from a fishing party.

"Yes, I think you have; didn't you say that the poor woman went crazy over her husband's death?"

"I think so: well, say, Jen, wouldn't you like to take those two children for awhile?"

We have plenty of servants to wait upon them, and you could just be a kind of mother to them. They need someone's love," suggested Frank.

"Of course I'll take them. Where are they? poor little ones!" as she saw a look of sympathy pass over her husband's face.

Then Frank Raymond rehearsed the experiences of the day to his wife; of his sitting under the Red Dugway and hearing the children's talk of the "ship coming in" and all their childish planning.

"Oh, I felt so sorry for them. I went home to their aunt's. Luckily I did, for it was from her I learned that these are my brother's children. They were sent here one day by their aunt and she says Ronald's pony delighted them. Now if I can give my servants such presents I ought to do as much for my only nephew. So Jen, I guess I'll send Jonas for them tomorrow."

"Oh, no! give them a more pleasing surprise, as they doted on Sue's ship coming in and perhaps prayed for it too; let them see that this is their ship and you its captain," wisely suggested his wife, who knew more of children's natures than he.

So this was carried out; every thing that the children had mentioned from the gum and candy to the pony and piano was arranged for the children's surprise.

Sue and Johnny were delighted and fully realized that the ship had come in heavily laden. Their joy cannot be expressed, as the reader may well know.

They often visited "Auntie," but did not trudge through nettles and thorns. The kind hearted children never called without leaving a present for her. They preferred that their Christmas presents of that year be given in money, "So we can give it to Auntie, may we, Uncle Frank?"

Sue is an artist now and in a recess of her gallery hangs a beautiful picture of a ship on a calm sea and two ragged children standing on the shore; this she has named, "When my Ship Comes in."

The children were taken to see their mother who died shortly after; but the two little orphans have parents who love them with parental affections, and they have no other children upon whom this love could be divided.

Pearl V. Whiting.

ADVENTURES OF A CIRCULATING LIBRARY BOOK.

In a pleasant corner of one of the shelves in the library at Y—— was a vacant place. Every morning the sun peeped in to see if his friend had returned, and every evening a little cloud looked in to bid the traveler welcome back.

One morning the sun found the book in its place, but he hardly recognized it, so sadly changed was it.

"Why, my friend, where have you been? Your handsome covers are soiled and the corners of your leaves are much worn," said the sun.

The sun had not time to wait for the answer; but we will listen to its history, as it told it to its companions, the other books.

"When I was first taken from my place on the shelf, I was given to an amiable girl, who took the best care of me. She put on me a pretty pink cover and used for a book-mark a ribbon of the same color, bearing these words: (Please do not turn my corners down.)

"Every evening when she returned from her work, she would read me carefully and from me gained many useful lessons. Her heart was good, but she oftentimes wearied of her daily tasks and sighed for something better; and thought, notwithstanding my fine apparel, I shall be very unhappy if I can not encourage her; but one day she read this beautiful gem:

"I slept and dreamed that life is beauty,
I woke and found that life is duty.
Was then my dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find my dream to be
A noon-day light and truth to thee."

«This she memorized, and whenever she became discouraged she would repeat it.

«After she had read all my pages, she removed the pink cover, but left the ribbon between my leaves.

«I was returned to the library table, but before I was returned to my place on the shelf a pleasant youth called for me. He put me in the pocket of his great coat, and as he walked home, he whistled a lively tune, and I felt sure we should enjoy each other's society. He took me to a pleasant room in the south-east corner of a large house, and laid me on a shelf with a number of other books, so I felt quite at home.

«Every evening he would take me from the shelf and read, perhaps one hour. While reading he would often mark any passage he thought important; but I did not object to this, for I knew that he was gleaning truths from my pages, and thus I was fulfilling the purpose for which I was written.

«In a few weeks he brought me back, but before I had time to exchange greetings with my companions on the table, a bevy of frivolous young ladies entered and I was selected by one of them.

«My spirits sank, and a feeling of melancholy, such as I had never before experienced, came over me. She took me to her room and when I looked around I felt somewhat better. Everything displayed an air of neatness, and a refreshing breeze came through an open

window; but I found afterwards that these marks of refinement were due to her mother.

«I remained there for a few days; at the end of which I was taken to the parlor, where my listless reader scanned my pages. Being called away, she left me lying on the sofa. The baby found me there, and took me into the dining room and laid me on the table, where he had been eating.

«This was only the beginning. My beautiful covers were much soiled. Presently his sister came in, but baby was unwilling to give me up. As an inducement he was given the pink ribbon. After this I never saw it nor the baby again; but from this time whenever any one read from me, the corners of my leaves were turned down and before long not only my cover was ruined but my pages were also.

«After awhile Lilian—for that was the girl's name—became tired of me and threw me in a corner; and there I lay for weeks, until one day her mother found me and sent me back.

«It seemed a treat to be on the table once more; and when I was awakened by the sun this morning and found myself reposing in my old place on the shelf, it seemed like the awakening from a dream, and I hardly dared look around lest I should again find myself among the litter in the corner.»

Lorenia Copley.



LITTLE ZINA'S SCHEME.

THERE was an outcry and then another! «What is it, Mama? what is it?» cried little Zina Brown, as she flew into the sitting-room.

There was no need to ask questions; Frankie was being spanked by his mother. Not

harshly nor angrily, but just properly corrected for saying very rude words to his mother.

Mama Brown was a slender and vivacious little woman; and her children, like herself, were quick to catch up everything they saw

or heard, and Frankie had learned to say saucy things.

The little fellow was quite indignant over his first real whipping. He followed Zina into the cosy kitchen, and refused utterly to allow her to comfort him.

«I'm des' mad at my Mama,» he repeated over and over.

«Come and help me stone the raisins, Frankie,» said his gentle sister, «come on now and be a good boy.»

«I won't do it; I won't do it! I'll run'd away from home. That's what I'll do.»

«Oh, Frankie,» expostulated Zina, «what are you saying? Why, even the kittie is surprised to hear you talk so!»

«Well, I will; so there!» and suiting the action to the word, he hopped on a chair, pulled his hat off the peg, opened the sitting room door, and announced to his mother, «I'm doin' to run'd away!»

His mother made no answer. The child deliberately walked out of the kitchen door into the sweet June sunshine, and away he strode deliberately and wrathfully, running away from home.

«Zina,» said her mother, «you go out to the barn and tell Dan to drop everything and come in.»

Zina ran, and Dan, Mrs. Brown's nephew, soon appeared at the kitchen door.

«What is it, Auntie?»

«Frankie has just put on his hat, and says he is going to run away from home. You follow him; never let him see you, but don't let him get out of your sight.»

«Aren't you going to have him brought back home, Mama?» asked Zina with threatening signs of tears.

«No, indeed. Let him come home when he gets ready, Zina; he will be quite ready to stay at home, then.»

«Yes, but Mama, what if he stays all night?»

«No danger of that, dear. The dark will bring him home; and I want to teach him a lesson.»

Away went Dan after the runaway.

The hours of the afternoon dragged by for both Zina and her mother.

When the father came home he was informed as to the cause and act of the «runaway,» and he heartily approved the mother's plan.

«The time to nip a fault is in the bud,» was his most frequent remark; he now repeated it with strong and approving emphasis.

An hour after dark, Dan came in the back door and announced that Frankie was headed for home.

The parents sat out on the porch in the cool of the evening, and cheerfully awaited the return of the prodigal.



«Where has Frankie been?» asked Mr. Brown.

«Oh, in all the stores; he went down to the mill-race, and stayed quite a while, and I had a job keeping out of his sight. But I bid in the willows. He is tired, I know, and hungry, for he hasn't had a bite since he left home,» answered Dan.

«So must you be,» said Mrs. Brown. «I will set supper for you both as soon as Frankie comes.»

«Oh Mama,» cried tender-hearted Zina, «there he comes! Let me go and get him, and kiss him! He walks so tired!»

«No, indeed, my pet. You would spoil all the lesson. Sit still and nurse your kittie as if nothing unusual had occurred.»

Just then Frankie pulled open the gate, walked wearily up the path, sat down on the steps beside his little sister, and sighed unconsciously.

«Where have you been, my son?» asked Mr. Brown.

«Oh, up the forks to North Canyon,» answered the little fellow with an air of careless sincerity.

It required the knowledge imparted by Dan to convince the parents that the nonchalant story was not true.

«What did you see there?» asked his mother. «Oh, a bear!» he answered.

«What did you do?»

«Oh, I killed it.»

«What with?»

«Oh, with my hatchet.»

«What did you do with the hatchet?»

«Threw it away.»

The mother was perfectly astounded. The story was a whopper! Yet it was complete in all its details, and she was puzzled indeed! Not a word more was said on the subject. They were all completely amazed at the child's prodigious yarn.

«Come, Dan, and get supper. Want some, Frankie?»

And the two boys followed the mother into the kitchen.

The child was very weary, and was soon abed and asleep.

«Harvey,» said the wife, as she came out again on the porch, «I am certainly dumbfounded. I had to whip Frankie today for being impudent repeatedly to me. But that—and even his running away—all are as nothing compared to this terrible thing! I never imagined a child of ours could deliberately lie!»

«Stuff and nonsense, my dear. Frank don't know the meaning of a lie. He has a very vivid imagination, and he pictures these things out as really true. Do you say nothing whatever about this yarn of his, and he'll forget all about it.»

Mrs. Brown was quite willing to follow out this advice, and accordingly nothing further was said. But it troubled Mrs. Brown, and it worried sensitive, truthful little Zina.

The days passed on; Frankie grew apace, and, inheriting a strong, forceful character, he often developed traits that distressed his mother, far more, be it said, than it troubled his father.

«Spirited colts are always worse to break in. But they make the finest kind o' driving horses.»

«But Harvey,» answered his wife, «Frank is given to fibbing. Sometimes it's a great big yarn like that one he told about killing a bear in North Canyon last summer. Then again, it's only a small one to cover up something he has done that he thinks will annoy me. But, be it big or little, he tells them all the time.»

«Don't you think he'll grow out of that trick, my dear?»

«It's risky, Harvey.»

«What have you done to break it up?»

«Well, Zina and I have played (truly) plays and (make-believe) plays. That is, I would cover the table with things, and then the children would run in for a moment and see all they could, and run out again; they would afterwards tell me everything they saw which they could remember. For the (make-believe) plays, I would leave the table perfectly bare

and they would run in just the same; and then afterwards they would imagine everything they could think of and say it was on the table."

"I should think that would help him to acquire accuracy of sight and thought."

"It did for awhile. But he has drifted back worse than ever."

"Well, well, you and Zina keep on telling him the exact truth, and he will learn by and by."

"I am so distressed over it, my dear."

"Don't be; Frankie is a good boy, and your constant care and watchfulness will make him a good man."

"You are so good to encourage me that way; but I am worried, and no mistake."

The next morning, Mr. Brown was obliged to go to a distant town. As he was driving away from the kitchen door, his wife came out and said, "Harvey, the Grahams are going up in North Canyon to spend a week fishing next week: I wish we could go with them."

"Well, I'll see how the haying comes on down in the meadow. You haven't been out for two years, have you?"

"No indeed; and I feel that a week's outing would do us all good."

"So it will, so it will! Here comes Frankie with Papa's whip; that's a good boy. Say, my son," leaning down and

looking keenly yet gently into the boyish eyes lifted to meet his own, "I have got a new silver dollar to give to the boy who doesn't tell a make-believe story for three months. Do you want to earn it?"

"Oh yes, Papa, right now; give it to me now."

"Not for three months, my son. But remember, no make-believes, not one," and then, churring to his horses, the father rode out of the yard.

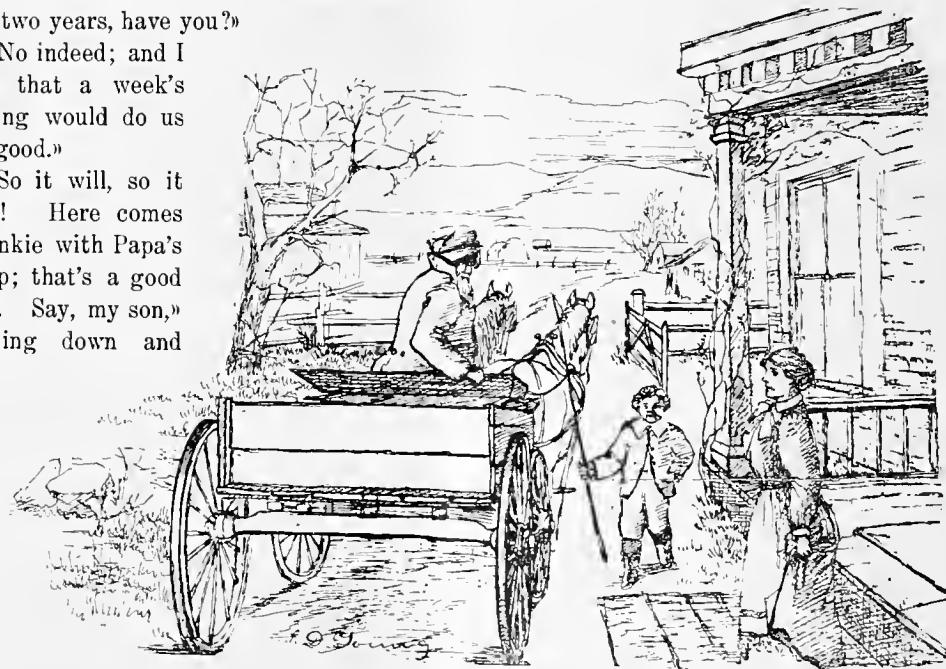
"Come, children," called the mother, "Papa says maybe, mind *maybe* only, that we can go up North Canyon for an out. Let's pitch in, quick, and get everything done up, so we can all go."

The dear little ones trotted obediently after her, and were soon busy at the work suited to each capacity.

"Frankie, dear, go and get your wood," called the mother.

"I did," he answered unblushingly.

"Why no, son; I think you forgot. There is not a stick in the wood-box."



«Well I did it, Mama. I did! Zina's burned it!»

«I haven't either,» protested Zina, who could not endure false accusations.

«That's a make-believe, Frankie, wasn't it? And you know Papa's dollar was for the boy who didn't tell a single make-believe.»

But Frankie stuck to his story and his point, until his mother was in perfect despair.

That night little Zina slept with her mother, as they were alone in the house, and while she lay clasped in her mother's tender embrace, the child told her mother a scheme she thought would help Frankie.

From Zina's suggestion, the mother thought out a somewhat elaborate plan which she resolved to put into operation if the father would consent and help them out.

Dear little blue-eyed Frankie slept unconsciously at her side, and she leaned over and kissed the noble brow and truant little lips.

«Oh my pet, your mother's heart is wrapped up in your future integrity. God help me to teach you aright!»

Who can doubt that the angels heard that fervent, tender appeal?

The father came home the next day, and brought the joyful news that they were to start for the canyon on the following Monday.

Frankie was so delighted that he almost forgot to tell one make-believe. Dear, patient, sweet little Zina at once braided up her long yellow tresses, «So I can work hard, you know, Mama, and help you good!»

The Monday came and the little party drove out of town full of joy and delight in nature and the beauty about them, and overflowing with love and kindness for each other and all mankind.

The ride was delightful. At last they came to a steep, wild gorge, where the water dashed and foamed between two sharp cliffs and where the road led over a dangerous narrow pass.

«Better let us walk here,» said the mother, and they all got out to climb the hill.

«Oh Zina,» called Frankie, as he paused in

the midst of his climbing. «Come here. I killed the bear here, and threw my hatchet down there in the creek!»

Both parents had heard the statement and they looked at each other with peculiar meaning.

Zina was completely taken by surprise; that her little brother should remember a lie so long was almost shocking to her childish mind; and that he should still stick to it, nearly stunned her. But she was peculiarly quick and intelligent, and as a flash her scheme came to her.

«So it is, Frankie; I see it. I was with you, don't you remember? And when you killed the bear, I killed six snakes, don't you remember?»

The little boy looked somewhat astonished, but tried to enter into the spirit of the play. He ran over to Zina and said, «Oh yes.»

«And don't you remember we found a den full of elephants and tigers; and can't you remember the great big lion that roared, and how the lion and tiger had a fight; and the snakes crawled out and fought too; and the panthers came down from the hills, and the bulls and cattle ran up from Papa's meadows, and the great big eagles flew down from the cliffs and tried to pick our eyes out; and the coyotes came along and they tried to eat us up, and then we looked around and there was Papa!»

Frank sat down on a rock. He felt somewhat faint from the accumulated weight of his own imaginary adventures.

«Ah, yes,» volunteered Papa, taking his cue and going on with the story, «and I found Frank standing up big and brave beside all those big animals. And the stones in the road began to sing his praises, and the little birds twittered his story, and all the animals groaned and cried and squealed and roared out what a good boy Frankie was! And the water stopped running and came up in a big waterfall and poured on each side of him to show him what a mighty and strong boy our Frank was!»

The boy had tried to follow all this daring imagination with his mind and his eyes. He gazed at the birds and the stones, and looked shamefacedly at the water. He was dazed and uncertain what it all meant.

Just then his mother joined in: "And don't you remember how I flew down just then, and the hills and mountains got right up and bowed down to Frankie, and the sky bent right down over him to tell what a brave boy he was!"

Frank was completely dismayed. His own vivid imagination had never conceived such stupendous impossibilities; Zina's attack had puzzled him; but when his mother and father left the shores of solid, firm truth and fact and went sailing around in a sea of yarns and make-believes, and that too with perfectly serious faces and a manner as earnest and serious as his own had always been, he felt as if every natural support to his childish soul was torn away, and he drifted in a sea of doubt, he knew not where.

His mother opened her lips to say more, but he crept up to her and feebly whispered, "Mama, let's play truly!"

Instantly the mother divined the state of her child's mind, and with a sweet kiss to him, but without a word of explanation or comment, she said, "Let's drive on, Papa."

They all took her cue, and not a word more was said about Frankie's story. But they had found the remedy that would fit the fault.

That week in the canyon was a delightful week. None enjoyed more than little Zina, whose scheme had worked so admirably. Whenever Frankie told a fib, and his little fibs were so apparent that they could always detect them, every one in the family would at once pile up story upon story of like nature and kind, increasing his own modest fib to such immense proportions that it never failed to foil and stagger the little story-teller into a desperate longing to hear once again the straight, solid and respectable truth.

Zina was a happy little girl. She loved in after years to tell her brother, who became a bishop and a worthy and honored leader among his fellowmen, how she succeeded in curing him of romancing, with her own odd scheme.

Homespun



A TRIP THROUGH ALASKA.

FROM SEATTLE TO SKAGUAY.

ARAZOBIA is the name of one of the many steamboats running between Seattle in the state of Washington and Skaguay in southeastern Alaska. On this boat we take our leave, amid the din and bustle of the crowded deck, with a thousand pedestrians, drays, and vehicles of all sizes and descriptions, loading and unloading; friends taking leave of friends—some of whom may never return, others whose fondest hopes will never be realized, and still

others who will return with the coveted prize.

This cargo of passengers and freight is mostly bound for Alaska and the northwest Canadian territory; and it consists of men, women and children of all shades and colors, horses, cows, pigs, beef, flour, potatoes and merchandise of all kinds—about three hundred tons.

The bell rings and the hoarse voice of the whistle warns the visitors to get off and the passengers to get on. We are now off, and

the sensation of cutting loose from land is felt by all—very different this from bidding farewell at the depot, where the rail, if nothing else, seems left to indicate a connection with the next station, or a telegraph line, over which to talk to friends if desired. The water closes in behind us and leaves no trace nor mark of travel.

All eyes are now turned to the never ending but ever changing scenes of marvelous beauty, awaiting us at every turn along the shores. At Puget Sound, on the right and east, is the mainland, with the snow-capped peaks of the mighty Rocky mountains, broken here and there with deep canyons from which flow large rivers providing the great fishing grounds of the Pacific coast. On the west for 300 miles the shores of Vancouver stretch out in full view—possessions of Canada, on which are situated the cities of Victoria and Port Townsend. The former is a most beautiful place and as we approach, it lies in full view, stretching up the eastern slope of the island. The same may be said of the latter place. The Sound is a most beautiful sheet of water, second to none in the world for beauty and usefulness. Sawmill plants, fishing canneries and Indian villages, here and there dot either shore. It is here that nature seems vieing with itself in adorning these island slopes. For 900 miles this is one unbroken scene of grandeur, the islands on the west protecting the entire route from the turbulence of the ocean, excepting at Dixon's Entrance which opens out to the sea.

Crossing this we are soon in Wrangle Narrows and Hlyn canal, passing as we go many villages and missions where considerable work has been done for the Indian. It is quite surprising how many of the aborigines can read and write and speak fluently the English language.

We stop at the Zeamean and Douglass Island and part with passengers and freight. Here are the great Treadwell mines, 960 stamps dropping night and day, driven by immense water power. Much has been written

of these wonderful mines so we will let this suffice in this article.

As we approach Haines' Mission we run into a school of porpoises, who play around our boat to the delight of all on board as if desirous of showing themselves; and with what ease they could out-distance us! Haines' Mission is reached and we unload horses, men and goods. This is the first town of the new Porcupine mining district and lies in United States territory, stretching westward from the bay.

From this place we soon reach Skaguay, where we disembark and prepare to cross the White Pass. This town is at tide-water and is situated in the mouth of a canyon about two miles wide. It is liable to be washed out into the bay any time upon the melting of the heavy snows that fall in the mountains. There are about 3000 inhabitants all told, and at some seasons of the year it is a busy place. Dyea lies a few miles to the northwest, and is its rival, situated at the base of the Chilkoot Pass. There is a constant struggle as to which place will get the freight that is moving towards the Yukon. Packers contract to deliver goods from Dyea to Lake Bennett at less than the railroad will from Skaguay to Bennett, and it is a question who will get the most to do. All business in this locality depends upon the mining industry, which is constantly increasing throughout the northwest.

There are 52,000 Indians in Alaska, of whom we may write later. Their habits and customs are interesting to all who have been familiar with the Indian of the more temperate climate.

On our journey thus far we have passed the immense glaciers of southeastern Alaska, whose smooth and blue surface extends from the water's edge to the summit of the Rocky mountains in one unbroken avalanche of ice. Some are dead now, while others are alive, by this we mean that some have ceased to move and are melting away, indicating a change in climatic influences, while others are moving out into the water and breaking

off and floating away. The earthquake shock which occurred last August caused huge blocks of ice from these glaciers to break off and roll into the water, in some places almost causing a tidal wave.

This 900 miles on either side of our line of

travel is one unbroken forest of timber. From here timber and lumber is taken all over the world, adding wealth and beauty to all lands, and still the supply seems inexhaustible.

O.S.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AND THEIR WORK.

91.

[The following essay was read at the recent Sunday School Jubilee, December 10th, in the Fifth Ward School, Ogden, the writer being a member of the theological class. The essay was entitled, «Our Teachers and Officers and Their Work.»]

WITH the mention of the Sabbath School, our thoughts naturally turn to the child, that human bundle of possibilities. When he comes into the world, who can tell what the future will bring—what that child may become?

«A babe by its mother lies bathed in joy,
Glide the hours uncounted; the sun is its toy;
Shines the peace of all being without cloud in its
eyes;

And the sum of the world in soft miniature lies.»

Yet this «sum of the world» is a missionary, even though it is small and helpless, and this grand old world, with its temptations and trials, is this little missionary's field of labor. The great Father of all, who sent out this little laborer, intended that he should be sorely tried and tempted while absent on his mission, that he might be proven worthy of a joyful welcome on his return to his heavenly home. Just what work was intended for us here, it is often difficult to decide, and we can only do our duty to the best of our knowledge and ability and «leave unto God the rest.»

The Sabbath School is a most potent factor for good, as it is there we are taught those

glorious principles of life and salvation, which if properly carried out in our lives will aid us in determining which path to follow. The mother, busy with the duties of the home, often has little time to devote to the religious training of her child. The child's time, too, is occupied with school and other duties during the week, but on the Sabbath by attending the Sabbath School, his religious duties are made plain, and his mind filled with nobler thoughts. Thus we see that this training is really the most important that the child receives, as it develops the real self—the soul, which is the part of man that lives, not through this life alone, but through all eternity.

Can there be a grander or more glorious work than this? How much do we then owe to the workers in this great cause, for we know not where their influence ends! As the stone thrown into the water sends out wave upon wave, infinite in number and boundless in extent, so every human soul launched upon life's ocean sends out wave after wave of influence, which tends to make the world more noble and pure, or more low and depraved.

Every person in life, regardless of poverty and obscurity, wields an influence; but how great is the influence exerted by the Sabbath School teachers:—men and women appointed to act as Christ's representatives, teaching His doctrines! Every act and word of the

teacher is closely watched by his pupils, and that teacher's influence will depend, to a great extent, upon the estimate they form of him. None but our noblest and best men and women should be permitted to hold such responsible positions. Their lives should be upright, pure and worthy of imitation by all.

If all Sabbath School workers throughout the Church lived lives of this kind, what a powerful influence they would exert, and what great and grand things could we expect from a generation having good parents and such worthy teachers! Just as each of the small particles of matter of which everything is composed exerts an influence over other particles of matter, and they combined make a powerful force; so the influence of these noble individuals, united in purpose, would become a power sufficient to overcome the most stubborn of obstacles.

We are told that great is the reward if but one soul is saved; then how little we can realize the glory if many souls are saved! Great is the reward then of a good teacher. The Fifth Ward has an excellent corps of officers and teachers, and with such leaders how could other than good work be done, for they teach, not by precept alone, but by example, which is ever the most powerful teacher!

How often do we hear missionaries express their gratitude for the work they have done in the Sabbath School, under the guidance of competent teachers! Many of the missionaries from this ward have expressed this same thought. The lessons learned here may at the time seem to do but little good,

but some day perhaps the results of our faithful teachers' labors will be more plainly seen. The seed planted may be obscured from view for a time, but these seeds may grow and flourish when the sower has forgotten them. Lessons learned in youth are best remembered. They often remain with us throughout life, guiding us and making duty's path plain.

Never can we forget you or your labors, faithful workers in the Sabbath School! Our attendance here in the Fifth Ward, and our associations with you will ever remain a bright page in memory's album.

«Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot
destroy;

Which came in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy used to
wear.

Long, long be our hearts with such memories
filled,

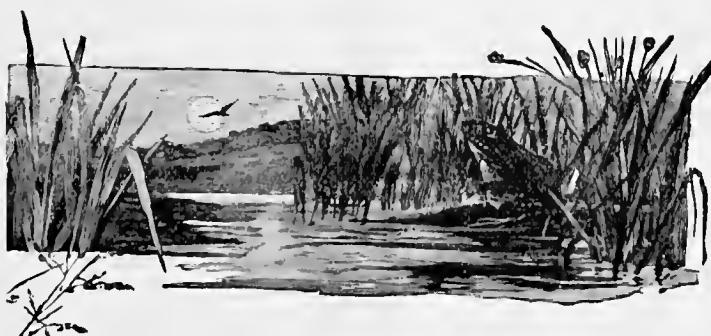
Like the vase in which roses have once been
distilled;

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you
will,

But the scent of the roses will cling round it
still.»

We trust that our faithful teachers will get their reward for their untiring labors of love—that priceless reward they so much desire—seeing their labors «yield a rich abundant harvest, they might well be proud to own;» and when death says life's school is dismissed, may they receive that joyful welcome, «Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.»

Martha Burton.



SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

II.—THE JANITOR.

TCANNOT continue the subject of Sunday School discipline without further reference to the janitor. I fear we do not fully appreciate the importance of his work as an aid to good discipline in the school. Comfort is absolutely requisite, and unless these physical comforts which it is the janitor's duty to provide are found in our Sunday School, we can not hope for that quiet and reverence and pleasure which it is the business of the Sunday School to promote. How many Sunday Schools do you suppose there are in which the rooms are dusted on a Sunday morning?—and in many they are both swept and dusted. Now this is something that should never happen; and my reasons for thinking that a room should not be swept and dusted on a Sunday morning are confirmed not only by observation but by years of experience. The floors of a meeting house are usually covered with dirt in consequence of the great numbers who congregate in those places to worship on a Sabbath day. This dust and dirt is not made up exclusively, as some may think, of harmless inorganic matter, such as particles of earth, but of organic substances and animal life which, under certain circumstances, may be harmful to the health and dangerous by producing malignant diseases.

Tyndall, who made an examination of this dust, in his work on «Floating Matter in the Air,» says: «We find on examination that this dust is mainly organic matter—in part living, in part dead. There are among its particles straw, torn rags, smoke, the pollen of flowers, the spores of the fungi and the germs of other things.»

If these particles of floating matter are found in considerable quantities in an atmosphere that has been undisturbed for some time, what must be the extent of such matter in the ordinary meeting house which has just been swept and dusted. The fact is

that this matter produces the greatest discomfort by irritating the nasal organs and throat and gives rise to sneezing and coughing, but even when the irritation is not sufficient to produce these enemies of good order—sneezing and coughing—it is sufficient to create discomfort and with that discomfort comes the restlessness found in our Sunday Schools. Then again this floating matter in the air is not only a source of discomfort, but it is also a source of disease. This we have learned from the discoveries which show us the origin of many fevers and diseases that have been dangerous to human life.

The germ theory of disease has been very generally accepted, and if the germs which produce disease may be found abundantly in the atmosphere, every means should be taken to remove their presence from the Sunday School. It thus happens that a good janitor may be quite as valuable to the community in preventing disease, as doctors are in treating it.

Of late years we have learned very much about antiseptic methods in surgery. The great danger that formerly arose from cutting into the human body has been largely removed by a knowledge that the blood was poisoned from dust in the air and especially from the dirt and dust upon the knives used in the operation. Now the surgeon puts his instrument into boiling water and is careful to exercise the utmost cleanliness. In this way operations in surgery have become much less dangerous than formerly. But surgery is not the only means by which disease germs may be introduced into the blood. We know that they may be taken into the lungs and from the lungs distributed through the blood of the human system. It is therefore very necessary that our school rooms should be as free from dust on a Sabbath morning as possible, and twenty-four hours is quite short

enough in time for the dust to settle, that the atmosphere may be as free from impurities and substances that irritate the throat and nose as possible.

I hear some one say it is impossible to sweep the meeting house on a week-day because it is often in use on a Friday or Saturday evening. My answer is that it would be very much better to allow the dirt that accumulates on a Saturday evening to remain on the floor during Sunday School than to circulate a considerable portion of it in the atmosphere by sweeping and dusting Sunday morning.

The dirt under foot is much less objectionable than the dirt in the air. What I said in the beginning I now repeat and would make as impressive as possible, *do not sweep and dust your school rooms on a Sunday morning.* Better leave them unswept.

The janitor is so important a factor in the good discipline of the Sunday School that I cannot leave him without offering another suggestion and that is, that the room or rooms throughout should be kept at what is called a normal temperature. That is, the thermometer should show anywhere from sixty-five to seventy degrees. This is a temperature in which the children will experience the greatest comfort. The regulation of the temperature in the school room is not difficult, neither is it expensive. A half dozen thermometers would not cost much and

they should be placed on the wall in different parts of the room. When they are placed there they should be carefully watched. But, you will say, this will keep the janitor busy during the entire session of the school. This is precisely what I mean. A window here should be lowered; another should be raised; now the draft of the stove should be opened; a little later it should be closed. These thermometers will indicate to the janitor what to do, and he should be prompt to respond to their suggestions. If I were asked what in my judgment is the greatest enemy to good order and discipline in the Sunday School I should say emphatically, *discomfort.* The Sunday School must have a good janitor as well as a good superintendent, for the work of the janitor demands the services of one who is intelligent, who is careful, who is prompt, and who can exercise wisdom. Nothing you can do can make up for a poor janitor. If I were disposed to criticise, I should say that the janitorial service in too many of our Sunday Schools is simply wretched. Those who are teachers in the public schools and have tried to keep abreast of the times, have come to learn how absolutely necessary it is in the first place that students should be comfortable; and they begin at once to look about for the best janitor that can be found. The janitor who has a sense of vision and feeling very keenly developed is what the Sunday School needs.

J. M. Tanner.



DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

PROGRAM FOR ANNUAL STAKE CONFERENCES TO BE HELD DURING THE YEAR 1900.

Tis suggested that whenever convenient the visitors from the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union hold a meeting with the stake Sunday School offi-

cers at 9 o'clock on the Saturday morning, so that a correct understanding may be had of the arrangements made for the effectual carrying out of the conference program, etc.

SATURDAY, 10 A. M. TO NOON.

1. Opening Hymn*, "Beautiful Zion," page 21.[†]
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn, "Little Children Love the Savior," page 46.
4. Roll call of schools.
5. Opening remarks by the Stake Superintendent.
6. Report by a Ward Superintendent.
7. Class exercise.
8. Concert recitation, The Ten Commandments.
9. Report by a Ward Superintendent.
10. Class exercise.
11. Instructions by visitors from Sunday School Union Board.
12. Singing, "In our Lovely Deseret."
13. Benediction.

SATURDAY, 2 TO 4 P. M.

1. Hymn, "Our Jubilee," page 178.
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn, "Joseph Smith's First Prayer," p. 114.
4. Roll call of schools.
5. Report by First Assistant Stake Superintendent.
6. Report by a Ward Superintendent.
7. Class Exercise.
8. Concert Recitation, The Articles of Faith.
9. Report by a Ward Superintendent.
10. Class Exercise.
11. Instructions by visitors from Deseret Sunday School Union Board.
12. Hymn, "The Iron Rod," page 170.
13. Benediction.

SUNDAY, 10 A. M. TO NOON.

1. Hymn, "Guide me to Thee," page 107.
2. Prayer.

*It is understood that all the hymns named be sung by the whole congregation.

[†]The pages refer to the Deseret Sunday School Song Book.

3. Hymn, "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains," page 135.
4. Roll call of schools.
5. Report of Second Assistant Stake Superintendent.
6. Report by a Ward Superintendent.
7. Class exercise.
8. Concert recitation, The Testimony of the Three Witnesses.
9. Instructions by visitors from the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.
10. Hymn, "Ere the Sun Goes Down," page 132.
11. Benediction.

Between the Sunday morning and afternoon conference meetings, a teachers' and officers' meeting should be called.

SUNDAY, 2 TO 4 P. M.

1. Hymn, "Beautiful Words of Love," page 14.
2. Prayer.
3. Singing, "Zion's Sunday School Jubilee Hymn."
4. Roll call of schools.
5. Administration of the Sacrament, with instructions.
6. Presentation of the General Church and Sunday School Authorities in the manner recommended by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.
7. Vocal or instrumental music by one of the schools.
8. Remarks by Stake authorities.
9. Instructions by visitors from the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.
10. Hymn, "Day of Rest," page 62.
11. Benediction.

The attention of the Ward Superintendents is called to the questions, (Sunday School Treatise, page 104) upon which they are expected to report. Their reports should be prepared in writing, and afterwards preserved.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ONE TEACHER'S WEAKNESS, ANOTHER'S
MISTAKE.

A BROTHER in one of the northern settlements of this state asks us the seemingly unnecessary question «whether a habitual user of tobacco is fit to be a Sunday School teacher.» He writes that he has been at a loss to know what kind of a reply to make when, as a worker in the Sunday School, and trying to inculcate the observance of the Word of Wisdom, his smaller pupils have referred to a teacher of one of the higher departments of the same school who daily and almost hourly violated the commandment, being apparently a confirmed cigarette fiend.

It is easy to conceive what a drawback, an obstacle and a stone-of-stumbling such a teacher would be in any school. How the school referred to can survive and continue successful work with such an impediment we cannot understand. Children are generally keener than grown people to detect hypocrisy. The innocence which causes them to believe that which is said to them by those whom they love and in whom they have confidence, is of itself a bar against their making any allowances for lack of sincerity. Ready as they are to accept as true the principles which their teachers impart to them, they are still more ready to follow their examples. To be successful with them, the teacher must be able not only to say «Do as I tell you,» but also to say, «Do as I do.» Adult persons are willing to admit any weaknesses of a human teacher, and can distinguish between the correctness of his instructions and any follies and infirmities of his conduct at variance with these instructions. But children are not capable of making these distinctions, and cannot be blamed if they are confused and unimpressed by preaching which is not supported by practice. What folly for a teacher to spend the Sunday forenoon in explaining and advocating the obser-

vance of the Word of Wisdom, and to spend the rest of the week in trampling upon one of the plainest requirements of that Word! There would be as much propriety in calling upon a drunken man, in maudlin tones and with reeking breath, for an address on sobriety, or in inviting a thief, with the stolen goods bursting out of his pockets, to impart lessons in honesty. Even mature people would be shocked or disgusted at the absurdity of such a proceeding. How much more lasting and baneful the effect upon the innocent minds of the young! Such a spectacle is sure to fill them at first with surprise, succeeded in turn by a feeling of sorrow and disappointment, ending in a destruction of the confidence and esteem without which no teacher can be successful.

Does our correspondent consider himself answered?

And yet in this connection we would offer a word of warning against a practice which is altogether too common—the excusing of wrongdoing or neglect of duty because somebody else, who ought to know better, has been negligent. No teacher can be upheld in allowing a child to justify himself in committing an offense against the laws of God simply because some other teacher or any one else has been guilty of the offense. On the contrary, where there is danger of the evil example working injuriously against the good instructions given, the latter should be made all the more earnest and emphatic. The teacher who is filled with the sense of his responsibility and the spirit of his calling will point out to his pupils the right way and the true path, and warn them against the evil, no matter who may practice it. He will, in the case of the Word of Wisdom for instance, explain to his children that it is a law of the Lord, and as such should be obeyed, no matter if all the teachers in the world may violate it. He will try by every means in his power to discourage in his scholars the idea

that because some one else is weak and foolish in this matter, there can be no great harm on their part in yielding to a similar temptation; and he will reject as entirely unworthy any attempt to find justification on these grounds. Furthermore, he will warn his classes and especially guard himself against assuming to act as the judge of others for wrong-doing, and will always have a wise and proper reply for "his smaller pupils," when questioned by them as mentioned in the beginning of this article: this, too, without requiring the case to be ventilated and passed upon in a public journal.

We have no sympathy with nor excuses to offer or accept for any cigarette-smoking Sunday School teacher; but for the very reason that such teachers and everybody else can see for themselves that they are injuring themselves in influence and their pupils by their example—for the reason that there is no possibility of being mistaken in such a case—we cannot approve of the practice of requiring an answer to questions and complaints of so plain a character, making special cases a matter for public discussion. Each school has the proper authorities, who ought to be competent to correct whatever needs correction; and if they are at any time in doubt, there are the stake authorities and the Priesthood to whom they can refer their doubts and receive instruction as to the

course to be followed. The disposition to point out publicly and dwell upon another's shortcomings is not a part of the true spirit of the Gospel. We feel that it ought to be discouraged.

•

SUNDAY SCHOOLS TO OPEN AT TEN O'CLOCK AT
ALL TIMES.

At a recent meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board it was decided to be the sense of the Board that hereafter the Sunday Schools of the Saints shall meet at 10 o'clock at all times, not excepting the quarterly stake conferences of the Church. It has been thought that the custom of changing the opening hour to 9 o'clock at the time of the quarterly conferences operated to the injury of the Sunday Schools. Children cannot adapt themselves to changes like older people, and the result has been that the visitors to the 9 o'clock Sunday Schools have addressed themselves to traveling congregations. For this reason it is decided to begin at 10 o'clock, and, by the consent of the First Presidency of the Church, will continue for an hour, when the regular stake conference exercises will begin. We hope that this instruction will receive proper and universal attention. It will be better for the children and for the people also who come to the conferences.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

ADMINISTERING TO THOSE AFFLICTED WITH CONTAGIOUS DISEASE.

THese days of the prevalence of contagious diseases, such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox, etc., or at least widespread rumors of such prevalence, a question of much importance arises as to the duty of the Priesthood in connection with the ordinary

of administering to the sick. The editor of this journal has been asked to state whether the Bishop or other Elders in a ward could be justified in going to a house where there was a case of smallpox for the purpose of anointing and laying hands upon the afflicted person.

The question is one which it is somewhat

difficult to answer without danger of being misunderstood, for circumstances alter cases, and a proceeding which might be proper in some instances might be wholly unwise in others. There are certain propositions, however, which will be admitted in all cases. One of these is that a well and healthy person has as much right to be considered in matters pertaining to the preservation of his health, as a sick person has to be considered in matters pertaining to the restoration of his health. To prevent sickness is no less to be desired than to cure sickness. While it is true that those who are well do not need a physician, it is also true that no correct sense of duty requires a physician or any one else to jeopardize a healthy person in seeking to aid a diseased one. That the sick may be healed is the proper desire of every right-minded person; but that in seeking to aid them, others who are not sick shall be also brought down in illness, is a requirement of neither humanity nor common sense. And this view of the case is greatly emphasized when a disease so loathsome and so highly contagious as smallpox is believed to be, is under consideration; for then it is not only a question of perhaps helping one while perhaps harming one—it is a question of desiring to aid one at the serious risk and danger of perhaps the whole community.

Now, no one will feel like saying to a Bishop or an Elder that when called upon to go and administer to the sick he must not do it. He may have abundant faith that through his administration the afflicted ones may be healed and he himself escape unharmed. Many Elders have manifested this faith in instances of the most frightful plagues, and the results have justified them. But if one have such faith as this, having no fear for himself, let him at least be warned against exposing others to such plagues as have been named. He ought to complain of no proper regulation adopted as a precaution for the safety of the neighbors and the community, submitting if need be to restraint of liberty

to come and go at will, and manifesting thus a consistent interest not alone in the sick but in the well also.



THOUGH PROBABLY SCARCE, THE DARNING GIRL
STILL EXISTS.

IN this department, last issue, I referred to «a disappearing species, the girl who mends and darns;» mentioning that in these modern times too little attention is being paid to the housewifely training of the future mothers of the race. A valued correspondent writes as follows on this subject:

Under the head of "Topics of the Times" I read of a disappearance of the girl who mends and darns. I can tell you they have not all gone. Having had occasion to visit a certain family lately, I was very much struck with one young girl. She is about 17 years of age. She knits every spare moment she has, and reads when the knitting is plain. She does the washing with the aid of a machine. She does the most of the ironing, and when this is done she mends the clothes and puts them away. Some time ago she asked her mother if she might have it for her special work to do all the mending. She also braids and sews the most of the hats they wear. The whole family are very industrious, and they think it no disgrace to work. It has always been my idea that to keep children employed is to keep them out of mischief. I have labored hard in my time for the youth of Zion.

If in the article to which this correspondent refers there was an intimation that the industrious, housewifely girl had entirely ceased to exist, it was not intended. The argument was, not that such girls had become extinct as a species, but that they were fewer than formerly, and that among the young women there was danger that the darning and mending would soon become almost a lost art. But it was well known that there were many specimens of the dear «old-fashioned» daughter of the household still to be found, and thanks are due this correspondent for making such pleasant allusion to one of them. Of such a type as this are the good wives and the good mothers we are all so fond of reading of and remembering. *The Editor.*

GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SUNG OF ZION.

WORDS BY W. W. PHELPS.

MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.

1. Glorious things are sung of Zi - on, Enoch's cit - y seen of old, Where the
 2. There they shunned the pow'r of Sa - tan, And observed ee - les - tial laws; For in
 3. Then the tow'rs of Zi - on glittered Like the sun in yonder skies, And the
 4. When the Lord returns with Zi - on, And we hear the watchman cry, Then we'll

righteous, 'be - ing per-fect, Walked with God in streets ol gold. Love and
 Ad - am - on - di - Ah-man Zi - on rose where E - den was.' When be -
 wick - ed stood and trembled, Filled with won - der and surprise: 'Then their
 sure - ly be u - nit - ed, And we'll all see eye to eye; Then we'll

vir - tue, faith and wis - dom, Grace and gifts were all combined, As him -
 yond the pow'r of e - vil, So that none could cov - et wealth, One con -
 faith and works were per - fect — Lo, they followed their great Head; So the
 min - gle with the an - gels, And the Lord will bless His own; Then the

self each loved his neighbor; All were of one heart and mind.
 tin - ual feast of bless - ings Crowned their days with peace and health.
 cit - y went to heav - en, And the world said, Zi - on's fled!
 earth will be as E - den, And we'll know as we are known.

A HINT.

If only you'll think of it, dearie,
 When people are vexing and rude,
 And be pleasant for two,
 When one's scolding at you,
 You will conquer the contrary mood.

If only you'll think of it, dearie,
 When a certain troublesome elf,

With pease in his shoes;
 And a look of the blues,
 Comes calling upon you himself—
 If *only* you'll think of it, dearie,
 And laugh, like the sun, in his face,
 He will scamper away;
 You'll be happy all day;
 And *I'd* like to be in your place.

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No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:05 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Manti, Belknap, and all intermediate points.....	8:35 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points.....	5:00 p. m.
No. 8—For Ogden and the West.....	9:05 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West.....	9:45 a. m.
No. 42—For Park City.....	9:30 a. m.
No. 9—For Ogden, Intermediate and West.....	12:01 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	9:30 a. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	8:55 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Manti and intermediate points.....	5:55 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West.....	2:05 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West.....	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points.....	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—From Park City.....	5:45 p. m.
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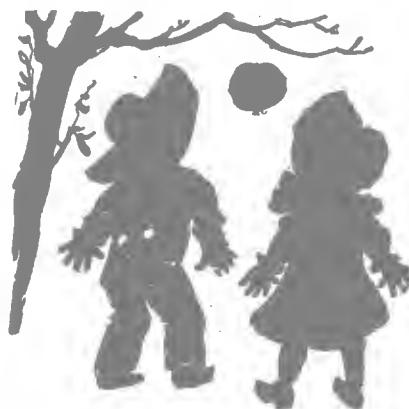
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